

# The Fairfield Herald.

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## THE FAIRFIELD HERALD.

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### ATWIXTWO STOOLS.

It was a cold, disagreeable night. Instinctively I turned back to the cheerful grate and comfortable arm chair. If a friend would only drop in, I thought; if anything would happen to relieve the tedium. But there was no prospect of it; so feeling that I never could get through the evening alone, I buttoned up my great coat and started out. I had no definite idea where I was going, but the secret of my discomfort was that I was in love with two women. Perhaps I wasn't at that moment in love with two women, but I certainly was over head and ears in love with one, and head and ears engaged to another. Now that certainly was enough to make a peaceful, law-abiding citizen uncomfortable, to make him afraid of his own thoughts, and still more of his own actions.

It came about in this way. I had two years before met Julia Leeds. She was a beautiful girl and had a fortune in her own right. I met her at parties, and, after a time, I had the extreme satisfaction of learning that I was preferred to all the crowd of fortune hunters—no worshipper at her shrine. And then it was in an evil hour, that I proposed and was accepted. Her heart, she assured me, was in my keeping, and had been for a very long time. I think I believed myself in love with her, though I do not know that I ever passed to speculate upon the peculiar state of my feelings.

I was a young man, good-looking—so to speak—had, I fully believed, a fair share of intelligence, and Julia was a beautiful and angelic girl. I had won the prize for which so many were striving, and was satisfied and proud of the achievement. But it fell out one day, or rather I fell in one day, the company of Kitty Blanchard. I did not know who Kitty Blanchard was. But there was something in the glaze of Kitty's eyes and in the words she spoke—though I have no recollection of anything she said—that told me very decidedly that she was far beyond many. I went home that night, and thought about her until bedtime and dreamed about her until morning.

For a week I saw nothing, night or day, but black, roguish eyes and dancing curls. I went to parties, theatres and concerts by myself, in hopes of meeting her. No use. She wasn't there.

At last, despairing of ever proceeding any further independently, I was forced to inquire of the friend who introduced me—a proceeding very distasteful to me, as I did not wish to advertise my business, or in other words give him reason to suspect I was at all interested. But I did ask him who Kitty Blanchard was, and I was sorry for it the minute after, for the reply was instantaneous:

"She's a widow."

Now, if there was any one thing that I secretly despised, that I had an unmitigated contempt for, it was a widow. I had seen them often—old widows and young widows, good-looking and otherwise—but they all had that melodramatic air about them; had the same way of talking about the virtues of the dead Mr. Pendragg, or whatever the name might be, and insisting that there never was so kind and good a man. I don't know why they do this. I never heard any one say. It certainly is not the bait that would hook me.

But Kitty Blanchard had not once alluded to the defunct Adolphus, and I had certainly talked with her five minutes. I wondered how long since the soles were neatly fitted over her resting place—how long the little birds had sung his requiem in the drooping branches of the, etc. I didn't get any farther than that before I recollected that Kitty was no widow, but that she was very bewitching in an—I hadn't the ghost of an idea whether her dress was blue, green or gray. I could not have told that she wore any dress, only that I remembered it was short, and that she had a foot that I had been nearly crazy about ever since.

I had heard everywhere that a lady was best dressed when you could not remember a single thing she had on; so, while I had my doubts about the application of that rule to all cases, I was willing to concede that Kitty Blanchard was the best-dressed woman in the city.

And the earth must have been heaped a year over that silent resting place—possibly more, for Kitty, I was certain, differed from the widows I had known. She didn't move around in her black

robes with a cambric to her eyes for three hundred and sixty-five days, hopping out on the sixtieth with beaming eyes and pink bonnet. No, I know better than that.

I am sorry to say it, but I think I quite forgot all about Julia in those days, and after I had again met Kitty, and had passed one or two evenings in her society, I knew I did. In fact, I did not know that there was any body else in the world. I was fearfully in earnest.

Kitty was everything that was perfect; she sang and danced and played and talked and read, and in short did every thing that was interesting; and I learned, after a while, that the "soles" had been neatly fitted two years before. She told me that, and it was the only allusion she ever made to the "gone-before" sharer of her joys—Kitty I'm sure she never had.

But I was bargained for—as good as sold, everybody thought, and I could not ascertain the state of Kitty's feelings, until something should turn up to help me out of my difficulty. Two or three times the thought had entered my brain that I would see Julia and make a clean breast of it; assure her that I had been mistaken in my feelings—that, in short, I loved another. That was the orthodox way of doing things, and it was the only way that I first occurred to me. Then, when I considered upon it, I was afraid. Julia was a beautiful, intelligent girl, and belonged to an influential family, and if she chose to make things unpleasant, I knew she could do so. I felt that I must resort to stratagem—get Julia in love with some other fellow.

And now have got quite back to that frosty, cold night that furnished the opening of this confession. I am now ready to tell where I went.

"Why, you went to see your widow, of course," exclaims a prophetic reader.

No, I didn't. I went to see a very intimate male friend, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Ellsworth Percival. He was a great lady's man. He loved the whole sex, and they, in his turn, loved him naturally. I found him and I told my story, and asked him what I should do. He didn't know the little widow, he said, but he could readily imagine, after my description, that she was the "one altogether lovely."

Julia Leeds he did know, and he would call there a few times, get up a little flirtation, pick a quarrel, break the engagement, let me marry the widow, and let Julia find some body else. It was all as easy as rolling off a slippery log. So it was arranged.

Ellsworth Percival began calling upon Julia, and I upon the widow, and keeping away from Julia. I think I was more happy for the next few weeks than mortal has a right to expect. I called on my adored Kitty as often as I could frame an excuse to go there, and as often as I dared without an excuse. She was gentle, pleasant, every thing. She liked my society, I knew; but she had a most wonderful faculty of making a man feel that he had no rights or privileges in life. I couldn't account for that. Consequently, I was very much surprised one evening to find her sitting very close to a long whiskered individual, who was tenderly holding one of those identical little hands that I had been raving about for four months.

She rose very gracefully as I entered, and—well, I never did know just how she did it, but I found out by something she said that I was an acquaintance, and that D'Arlemont—or some such French name—was her affianced husband, or she was his old maid wife, or something of that kind—I didn't know or care what—I was only conscious of the fact that I wasn't anything, or anywhere.

I believe I congratulated the widow, and said, "I hoped I didn't intrude," talked a few moments about the weather, made my best bow and got out. I must have walked ten miles before I reached home, and I don't think I had taken three successive steps in all that distance without "confronting" the widows and wishing the whole race to the d—ogs. But when I came to my reason a little—it was, near morning when I did—I made up my mind that I would show her—as though she needed any showing.

My mind was made up—that was certain. I would call upon Julia at once. I would apologize for my late inattention, and we would be married right away. I slept an

hour or two on that. I was a little sore around the heart, and very achey around the head when I awoke. That morning two letters lay at my bedside. I took one of them, doubled up my pillow, raised myself on my elbow, and broke the seal. It was from Ellsworth Percival, telling me that he was married. He hoped I was satisfied, and insisted that he owed me a debt of gratitude for putting him in the way of securing so lovely and lovely a wife. Then followed some badinage about the widow with the soulful eyes, and many good wishes for my success in that direction.

The other letter was from Julia herself, inclosing wedding cards. The contents of the letter, I do not remember; but I know it was dignified in tone, and that I was informed that I was released from my engagement, that she harbored no resentment, but that I must never, never seek to see her again. And I never, never did.

### McDevitt's Flight and Its Consequent Mischief.

McDevitt is gone—to the Centennial, to New York! To Canada—to the devil we hope! Previous to sailing from Charleston, he removed \$40,000 from the Central National Bank of Columbia to a Charleston Bank. Forty thousand! It should have been nearer One Hundred Thousand! Edgely's tax, just collected, amounts to some \$70,000—of which extremely little has been disbursed. And Judge Carpenter confesses to \$19,000 of the money enjoined. A beautiful state of things! beautiful Treasurer! beautiful Judge! beautiful administration! and a beautifully chiseled set of white taxpayers!

McDevitt has sent in his resignation to Gov. Chamberlain. So runs the rumor. Sent in his resignation, but no money. In the meantime Gov. Chamberlain has offered the place to Paris Simkins, who has declined it. Also to Lawrence C. In, who has likewise declined it. He is now offering it to Auditor Belanger, to W. D. Ramey, to Robert Green—to Miles Yelland—to Wat Comer—to McDevitt's yellow dog—to Cain's house cat! We hope McDevitt's dog will accept the place. We like the McDevitt set. Bah! it matters but little who gets it or who takes it. After this we may as well say that should pay no more taxes!

Yes, McDevitt is gone! But heaven has left us some comfort yet. We have Paris Simkins still—Paris, with whom, mark you! McDevitt settled before he left—and Cain, and Carpenter, and Ramey, and McDevitt's yellow dog, and the glorious memory of McDevitt's virtues.

It is supposed that McDevitt will soon return on the next Centennial—a hundred short years hence! And Edgely's is robbed at one haul of One Hundred Thousand Dollars!—Edgely's Advertiser.

### Suffering and Starvation at Adams Run, Col. o on County.

The condition of the colored population is deplorable. At an assembly of over thirty men of family a few days ago one basket was the most that any one had. Twenty bushels of corn and one hundred and twenty pounds of meat, received through Mr. Wm. Hood, from the citizens of Due West, have given temporary relief to a few; but aid must be found for many more, or terrible suffering must be endured.

At a meeting of the laboring farmers of the neighborhood, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we, representatives of the farmers, have made every effort to sustain ourselves, yet find want and even starvation threatening us; and whereas, unless aid come from some source, it will be impossible to make our bread for next year, and hence nothing but want and continued suffering must follow; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we immediately request the press generally to make our wants known to the public, whom we earnestly solicit to assist us in this our time of sore need.

Resolved, That Dr. T. S. Waring be requested to continue aiding us by extending this notice and receiving any contributions of money or provisions that may be sent for us, distributing the same as they come promptly, as many of our old citizens are already feeling the pangs of hunger, and more will be rapidly added to the number.

Dr. Waring has consented to act as requested. His post office is Adams Run, St. Paul's, S. C. His freight depot is Ravenel Station, Savannah and Charleston Railroad.

### A Wonderful Subterranean Palace.

Recent proceedings in the Hungarian Parliament disclosed a most remarkable discovery. The story, as condensed from the official reports, is that two peasants, from the valley of Ivan Egorzew, near the ancient city of Vezprim, and not far from Lake Balaton, named Pesh, and to a jeweller offered some broken fragments of what evidently were some very old golden ornaments for female wear, probably a bracelet or band for the upper arm. The jeweller questioned the shepherds, and their answers being unsatisfactory, he had the men arrested on suspicion of being thieves. On the examination they told a tale which was so astonishing that it was communicated to the Minister of the Interior, and this functionary, ordered an investigation by scientific officers. The information of the shepherd was, that in the woods skirting Ivan Egorzew, where they had some huts for shelter when out at night, they had been digging at a little hill. Suddenly they came upon what appeared to be a square structure of brick walls, with a stone covering the aperture. Removing this stone, they found that those walls enclosed an opening into the earth, and resolved to sound its depth. Lowering a stone tied to a rope, they ascertained that the shaft, about three feet in diameter or nine square feet, descended perpendicularly to a depth of over a hundred square feet. The pebble they had lowered reached what seemed like a stone floor, they judged that this opening must lead to some large subterranean cavern or hall. A day or two afterwards the shepherds were again at work. They prepared a small square board, freighted with stones, and in the centre of it they placed three lighted candles. This they let down through the shaft, and by the light of the candles they saw distinctly that the inner sides of the shaft were smooth and apparently ended in some large apartment. They next prepared a rope ladder of the requisite length, securing several lanterns, and then one of them let himself down the shaft. At the bottom he stood in wonderment as he gazed upon a large square hall, the walls covered with faded painting, round, ornamental tables standing round, ornamental sofas, gold and ivory, and large heavy doors, hung on golden hinges, leading to other rooms. The shepherd climbed the ladder and told his companion of the discovery. Both of them went down together, and found themselves in a succession of rooms abounding with elaborately carved furniture of a style they had never seen before. In some of them were low, large stands, evidently once used for beds; there were also closets, bureaus containing armlets, rings, medals, coins, daggers, chains, swords, shields and helmets. There were also breastplates of leather, covered with iron and studded with ornaments in gold. Some of the armlets they took away, broke them up and carried them to Pesth for sale, in which transaction they were arrested; as above stated. The officers of the Hungarian Ministry of the Interior began their investigation under the ancient law which makes all such discoveries the property of the crown, and their report, as communicated to parliament, is still more startling. Their researches clearly established it as a fact that this subterranean structure was undoubtedly an old Roman castle, built many centuries before the Huns and Magyars left Asiatic homes to invade this part of Europe. This section of Hungary was the province of Pannonia, of the Roman Empire, and in the vicinity of Lake Balaton there was a large permanent Roman camp, the agricultural and military settlements of the Romans, extending for many miles, and traces of this Roman occupation, which continued down to the sixth century of the Christian era, have repeatedly been found. But how this vast structure, which is said to cover two acres, and built two stories high with massive walls of stone and brick, was covered with earth to the depth of more than sixty feet, over which a forest of heavy timber had grown up—a forest, too, that is mentioned as existing in the oldest preserved chronicles of the kingdom, the officers have so far found, is impossible to account for. In one room several skeletons of human beings have been found, but the bones were too much decayed to indicate with certainty the race to which they belong. A thorough search of this wonderful building is now proposed. The shaft through which the first discovery was made is believed to have been either a chimney or an observatory or lookout, as iron hooks have been found fastened to the wall inside, to which means of ascent and descent were probably attached.

Under the circumstances, I will be compelled to discharge you, for I cannot keep you here in a starving condition. But you see to what a condition you have brought the county. You are not without blame, for the men in office, responsible for the stoppage of the court, were put there by your votes. Here we are in the month of May; there is no money to pay your judge, to pay jurors, to support the prisoners in jail, or to pay the expenses of the county. You colored voters are responsible for this thing, for by your votes the bad men who have brought about this lamentable state of affairs were elected.

A Thriving Business.—A Detroit-er who joined an Ohio lightning rod agency three weeks ago was yesterday brought home in a sleeping car and so changed in looks that his family came near repudiating him. He was very feeble, but yet managed to inform his friends at the depot that the lightning rod business, as well as he could judge, was pushing along. He put in one rod in two weeks and put in the rest of the time getting away from enraged farmers with shot-guns. The head agent sent him home because he could not stand bird-shot in his system.—Free Press.

The Pope's Rooms.—All the Pope's robes are made either of white cloth or of red cloth. Pius IX. uses five white cassocks in the course of the year. Each cassock costs \$50. The red mantle, which he renews once a year, costs \$160. The silk stockings are furnished by a Belgian house for \$16 a pair, but his slippers, which are changed every month, are furnished by a Roman firm. An ordinary pair embroidered with the cross is worth \$25, but some of the Pope's slippers cost as much as \$100. The old cast-off clothing of the Pope is eagerly bought at a great price.

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A Huxory Jury.—While Judge Maher was holding the court of common pleas in Burnwell last week he was informed by the colored jury that they had been without food all day; that there was no money to pay their tickets, and that they could not get credit; whereupon the judge dismissed them with the remark that he hoped they would be able to elect a county government in the fall that would be able to avoid so disgraceful a state of affairs. The Judge further said:

"Under the circumstances, I will be compelled to discharge you, for I cannot keep you here in a starving condition. But you see to what a condition you have brought the county. You are not without blame, for the men in office, responsible for the stoppage of the court, were put there by your votes. Here we are in the month of May; there is no money to pay your judge, to pay jurors, to support the prisoners in jail, or to pay the expenses of the county. You colored voters are responsible for this thing, for by your votes the bad men who have brought about this lamentable state of affairs were elected."

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One of the clowns in a new show puts this conundrum: "Why is the Centennial like home? Because it's the dearest spot on earth."

### The South and The Union.

Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge delivered an address at the dedication of a monument to the Confederate dead in Bowling Green, Kentucky, a few weeks ago. He referred to the course and cause of the South in the late war, and then said:

"But whether we wish it or not, we are of necessity citizens of this Republic, and there are only two courses before us—one to fold our arms and say it is none of our affair—live in the past and abnegate our manhood in the present. The other to acknowledge our allegiance and perform our whole duty as citizens. We ask no favors—we make no claims. We are citizens equal with all other citizens, with free tongues and brave hearts. We love liberty, and mean—God willing—to aid all who desire to preserve it. We unite with all good citizens to preserve to ourselves and to posterity the blessings of good government, administered under the law, and we reserve the privilege of resisting as may be necessary all who may attempt to usurp those powers or flit those rights; binding our children to no other and different pledge than that to which our fathers bound us, and to which all alike are equally bound. We bear no malice. We keep alive no animosities. We make no confessions of guilt. We love the cause and our comrades. We love their memories. We will honor their graves. We stand by their orphans; but we do this without bitterness to any one and without apology. While we remember that Lee and Breckinridge died proscibed, and Louisiana and South Carolina are held by the throat, we wait without impatience or servile importunities for the dawn of a purer and better day—confident that no Poland can be kept enslaved in this country, that all will be free or all enslaved, and that the liberties of every State are equally at stake, and the day of a true amnesty is not far distant. We are not prodigals who return confessing that our substance has been wasted in riotous living, even though fatted calves be killed for our feast, and golden rings be ready for our fingers. We simply claim that we are equal citizens of a common country, in which with God's aid, is the true basis of reconciliation. A manly defense of the causes for which we fought, a frank confession of what was lost, and an honest avowal of our purposes to perform all the duties of citizenship. More than this would be craven and untrue; less than this unwise and unfruitful. Brave men will believe and trust us; patriotic men will welcome our aid; free men will applaud us, and thus, true sons of our mother commonwealth, and faithful citizens of our common country, we will do our part to secure to every State and citizen the blessings of constitutional liberty. We will build up our States by a wider education, a fuller development, and a more liberal culture, and thus add to the strength and glory of the common government, administered according to the principles of a revered constitution, and loved because it will be just, impartial and pure. We will do our part to maintain for all citizens and every State the inalienable and inestimable rights of American liberty, regaining what may have been taken, preserving what remains, securing to the common government its just powers and true glory. We will strive to realize the glorious vision of our sires—a free country of sovereign States, so strong that all will respect it, so free that all will love it; a country where to do right is the whole compulsion, to prevent wrong the whole restraint; where fealty is, through love and obedience, an act of the heart. We, my comrades, stand not in the way of the realization of this bright future. Let the curse of the patriot fall upon those who do."

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### Value of Discipline.

Gen. Geo. A. Custer, in his war memories, thus describes the confusion at the first battle of Bull Run: "The value of discipline was clearly shown in this crisis by observing the manner of the few regular troops, as contrasted with the raw and undisciplined three months' men. The regular soldiers never for a moment ceased to look to their officers for orders and instructions, and in retiring from the field, even amid the greatest disorder and confusion of the organizations near them, they preserved their formation, and marched only as they were directed to do."

The long lines of soldiery, which a few minutes before had been bravely confronting and driving the enemy, suddenly lost their cohesion and became one immense mass of fleeing, frightened creatures. Artillery horses were cut from their traces, and it was no unusual sight to see three men, perhaps, belonging to different regiments, riding the same horse, and making their way to the rear as fast as the dense mass of men moving with them would permit.

The direction of the retreat was toward Centerville, by way of the Stone Bridge crossing, and other fords about that point. An occasional shot from the enemy's artillery, or the cry that the Black Horse cavalry, so dreaded in the first months of the war in Virginia, were coming, kept the fleeing crowd of soldiers at their best speed. Arms were thrown away as being no longer of service in warding off the enemy. Here and there the State colors of a regiment, or perhaps the national standard, would be seen lying on the ground along the line of retreat, no one venturing to reclaim or preserve them, while more than one full set of band instruments could be observed, dropped under the shade of some tree in rear of the line of battle, and where their late owners had probably been resting from the fatigues of the fight when the panic seized them and forced them to join their comrades in flight.

### A Painful Scene.

A painful scene took place at Dore, in England, the other day, in connection with the burial of an infant child of a poor laborer, named James. A certificate of burial, made the necessary arrangements for the "interment," but when he had completed them the Rev. J. Aldred, the vicar, informed him that he could not inter the boy, inasmuch as he had not been baptized him. The vicar, however, gave Mr. Sanderson permission to place the body in the grave, and the latter then engaged a dissenting minister, Mr. Whitby, to officiate. On arriving at the grave, the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, a clergyman of the Church of England, was found awaiting their approach; evidently intending to read the service himself. The following altercation then took place: The Rev. W. Whitby: "Stop, sir, if you please. We do not want any service read. We have had a service read in our chapel, and we do not wish any service of your church." The Rev. E. B. Chalmers: "You cannot bury here, then." The Rev. W. Whitby: "I say yes; it has been done." The Rev. E. B. Chalmers: "But you cannot have the body interred here unless the service is read." The Rev. W. Whitby: "It shall be buried like a dog, then, without your service." The parents of the dead boy stood by in the greatest grief, and the mother, pained beyond comparison by the dispute, had to be supported by her husband, and was on the eve of fainting. It was decided to appeal to the parents to what should be done. The Rev. W. Whitby suggested that the body should be taken to the General Cemetery at Sheffield, but the mother finally elected, amid many tears, that her boy should be interred in the church-yard. The corpse was now carried into the church, and the clergyman read the burial service, making no comment whatever upon the proceedings outside.

Judge Mackey and the Lancaster Bar.—Judge Mackey, by invitation of the Lancaster Division, Sons of Temperance, delivered an address on Temperance in the Methodist church at Lancaster on last Friday evening. We are informed that the audience was one of the largest and most select that has assembled for years in Lancaster, and the speaker was frequently applauded.

A notable feature of the occasion was the attendance of the bar keepers of Lancaster Court House, who listened attentively throughout and heartily endorsed the Judge's novel but practical suggestion that the bar should require each and every drinker at a public bar room to take out a license to drink, and should prohibit bar keepers from selling to any person not so licensed. We have not learned whether these "members of the bar" have yet passed resolutions complimentary to the Judge.—Chester Reporter.

The principal distillers of Germany are about to establish a college in Berlin for the special cultivation of the sciences bearing upon fermentation and distillation.